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The Cornell Countryman



Volume XXXIX

October, 1941

Number 1

A POWERFUL BACKBONE in the TRACTION ZONE Gives You EXTRA POWER at the DRAWBAR

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The Cornell Countryman

Founded 1903

Incorporated 1914

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Associated

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The Countryman's Women

During the summer, up in our part of the country, we heard a lot of talk about the difficulty of obtaining farm labor. The draft and defense industries were ordinary topics of complaint. Frankly, all the talk didn't mean too much to us, until we heard that, indirectly, these same factors had made it impossible for our editor to be back to school this year. We will miss John Wilcox, but we wish him all success in the work he is doing. It seems to be understood that women will take mens' places wherever possible, so we are only too willing to cooperate by doing our best at editing this publication.

As We Go To Press

The **Cornell Countryman** is the official spokesman for the College of Agriculture and Home Economics. It is designed for both undergraduate and alumni readers. Keeping these points in mind through the coming year, we will try to print news and articles that pertain to the activities of the "Upper" campus. We do not feel that the object of our magazine is to teach, but rather to interest and inform. We hope to have guest writers with us occasionally, and will always welcome contributions from our readers.

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This Month

For our cover this month, we are indebted to Professor Pridham of the Horticulture department for the picture of the Mimm's Memorial in the garden next to the WHCU studio.

Dean Ladd tells the Class of '45 how to get the most out of preparing to earn, live and serve in
The University Opportunity 3

The hunting season gets some attention from Warner Durfee in
The Egg and the Hen Pheasant 4

Why don't you get acquainted with
The Ag-Domecon Association 5

In our series of articles about well known alumni, we would like you to meet Dr. A. R. Mann.
"I remember . . ." 8

Dort Cameron, a former **Countryman** board member and now Assistant County Agent in Genesee County, tells an interesting story in
Switch on the Rain10

Hallow'een is remembered in Marjorie Heit's article in
Ghosts13

Plow a Straight Furrow

PLOW a straight furrow" used to be a popular adage; but the straight furrow has gone out of style on lands that are not level. Nowadays, good farmers plow curved furrows on contour lines.

That is only one of the many changes that are coming about in farming. To meet, and know, and profit by these changes, try the

Cornell Winter Courses

which give free instruction to persons who are at least 18 years old and who are residents of New York State.

No examination is required for entrance, and the courses are open to any one who has had a grammar-school education.

The courses run for twelve weeks beginning October 29, 1941 and ending February 6, 1942.

For a complete announcement of the subjects to be studied and an application form address

John P. Hertel, Secretary
New York State College of Agriculture
Ithaca, New York

Speaking of February, 1941, why not jot on your new calendar the dates of Cornell's

FARM AND HOME WEEK?

These dates are:

February 9 to February 14, 1942.

The Cornell Countryman

A Journal of Country Life - Plant, Animal, Human

Volume XXXIX

Ithaca, New York, October, 1941

Number 1

The University Opportunity

By Carl E. Ladd, *Dean*

THE class of 1945, seven hundred strong in the Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics, has embarked upon its college course, and fifteen hundred second, third, and fourth-year students have returned after the summer vacation to begin another year of progress towards the bachelors degree. You are starting a year that may be a decisive one in international affairs and a time of critical decision for our own nation. The future seems clearer and simpler than it did a year ago but even more troubled. No one can foresee the exact role which he or she may be following four years or even one year from now.

But this is not the first time that people have been confused and troubled. All through history the human race has periodically been tried by great crises, national and international. The fact that we cannot see clearly for four straight years ahead does not prevent our charting and following a course of action for the months that seem visible. Like any other puzzle or problem this one will best be met by finding a place to begin and by working step by step, day by day, towards a final, untangling of the skein.

You have enrolled in certain courses. These courses have been carefully planned and prepared by competent teachers, specialists in their field, teachers who are not static in their research or participation in it, are able to make the subject matter of their work but through their closeless to classrooms grow before your eyes. This presents an opportunity that will not always be yours after you leave the campus and during these four years you will do well to seize and explore the opportunity to its fullest.

But there are opportunities outside the classroom that some of us miss and many take advantage of only occasionally. Cornell has a wonderful setting and location for a most pleasant and educational out-of-door life. These hills, gorges, fields, and forests present unusual opportunities for getting acquainted and in tune

with nature. The out-of-doors is to be explored and many generations of students have found recreation, serenity of spirit, peace for the soul, and the beginnings of lifetime hobbies in this land of lakes and hills.

THEN it will be wise to recognize early that a great university is not a thing of land and buildings, of bricks and stones, of shade trees and beautiful views, important and pleasant as these are. The heart of the university, the real university, is made up of the men and women who teach, who do research, and who carry the teaching to the field in extension. If you know them, you know the university. A beautiful building may leave with you a happy memory, but a great teacher may help you to build a pattern for living. Each new class has to discover for itself that teachers really delight in the companionship, the acquaintanceship, and the friendship of students. It would be worth much if this could be learned in the freshman instead of the senior year.

You will take subject-matter courses in many departments but the subject-matter of a university is not something to be gleaned only from textbooks. At Cornell there lives a great research program, thoroughly in touch with and sensitive to the problems of rural people. Every day new truths, new data, new practices are being discovered and applied practically. This research program is a living, vital thing, growing, expanding, searching, finding; and eager to serve farmers, homemakers, and all rural folks. From it constantly flow new discoveries to vitalize and enrich the teaching work of the university. Seldom is any course exactly like that of two years or even one year ago. It grows before your eyes and if you inspire your teachers by an interest in and enthusiasm for their work, you may share something of the thrill of discovery.

THE university will help you to prepare to make a living, but you should be sure that while here you also prepare to live a fuller and more enjoyable life. The curriculum for

this is not on your schedule card, it is not planned for you; it is wholly elective and it is wholly in your hands. Music, lectures, drama, art, literature, opportunities to satisfy the spiritual needs, and discussions of national or international problems are offered to the student body, the faculty and the community in many ways and in dozens of public events. From these one may build an extra-curricular program to supplement and enrich the studies of the classroom. No student need to feel that the requirements of his course necessarily narrow his development. The general cultural offerings are spread before him and brought constantly to his attention by posters, announcements, notices in the newspapers, and in other ways. Whether he will participate in this cultural program for better living depends upon his own decisions.

The four years that stretch out before the freshmen are short ones. All too soon they will have passed, and so they should be lived to their fullest. This is an educational institution and your first responsibility is to attain a competency in your chosen field. This is an institution for human culture, and every student should sample, explore, and participate in the cultural possibilities of the campus. The heart of the university is its faculty, and the members of the faculty have warm hearts. You will do well to become acquainted with them early and thereby form warm friendships which will last through the years. The great social opportunity is in meeting individual students and groups of students from many states and countries, with widely varying backgrounds and with even more widely varying personalities. Here you will learn to work with, to understand, and to have confidence in people.

If your program contains these activities, these experiences, then you will learn to make a living, you will learn to live a full and satisfactory life, and through the years to come you will have the ability and the desire to serve the world in which you work and live.

The Egg and the Hen - Pheasant

By Warner Durfee '43



SINCE 1900 the steady development of conservation has included game bird propagation. The first State Game Farm in the United States was started in Illinois in 1908 and, in the spring of the same year, New York State established a game farm at Sherburne. Today New York State has five such game farms, mainly for pheasants, although some quail, ruffed grouse and ducks are also bred in captivity. The game farms are located at Ithaca, Sherburne, and Farmingdale.

The Ithaca Game Farm is composed of 166 acres, of which 117 are tillable; it is necessary to rent ten acres of land every three years to complete the rotation. The soil on this farm is in Land Class IV and has poor natural drainage. The permanent buildings consist of a two family house, a barn, the pheasant nursery, incubator, storage room and other smaller buildings.

The ring-neck pheasant is the species commonly reared. All birds used in the breeding flock are range-reared; that is, reared with brood hens confined in rearing coops and hand-fed. When the young birds are from ten to twelve weeks old they are caught and breeders selected from them on the basis of desired size, conformation and apparent vigor. The female breeders are carried through two laying seasons which makes necessary replacement of one-half of the females each year. Males are replaced every year.

There are two separate and distinct methods of incubating and rearing the birds. The older or "semi-natural" method of rearing has been used in New York State since the beginning of its propagating work. This involves the use of the broody domesticated fowl and small individual rearing cages. The heavy breeds of fowl without feathered legs have proved to be the best foster mothers. Ordinarily it is possible to purchase two hundred and eighty broody hens

from nearby farmers in two or three weeks. The average price paid is between a dollar and a quarter and a dollar and a half apiece.

After the incubation period of twenty-three days the hen and her brood of sixteen or seventeen pheasant chicks is moved into a rearing field containing alfalfa, clover and timothy through which strips have been mowed. The coops are set in the paths about forty feet apart. For several days the chicks are fastened in, the length of time depending on weather conditions; however, the hen is shut up for a longer period. The birds are fed four times a day for the first six or seven weeks, and thereafter three times daily.

The factors affecting chick mortality are predatory animals, exposure, mechanical injury, and physiological and pathological causes.

AT NINE or ten weeks the half-grown birds are caught and those not saved for breeds are sent to various sportsmen's associations for liberation.

The artificial breeding method is relatively new in the propagation of game birds. It was not utilized by the New York State Conservation Department until 1931. Since that time, it has gained wide popularity and in 1938 more than 42,000 birds were produced by this method. Mechanical incubators are used to hatch the eggs, but with varying results. The incubation room should be kept at 65° and 70° and have a relative humidity of about 65%. The hatched chicks are placed in the nurseries for five or six weeks and then moved to a hardening range before being placed on the summer range.

During the winter eight hundred pheasants are confined by an eight-foot fence in each of our acre lots. The winter yards are in a three year rotation, to check contamination. The north and west sides of the "L" shaped pens are covered with burlap and pines for a windbreak. During this confinement the birds must be caught three or four times to shear off new growth of flight feathers. The breeders are handfed wet or moist mash in the morning and scratch grain in the late afternoon. The daily consumption per five hundred birds is about 20-25 quarts of mash and about 25-30 quarts of scratch grain. This ratio is slightly changed as the breed-

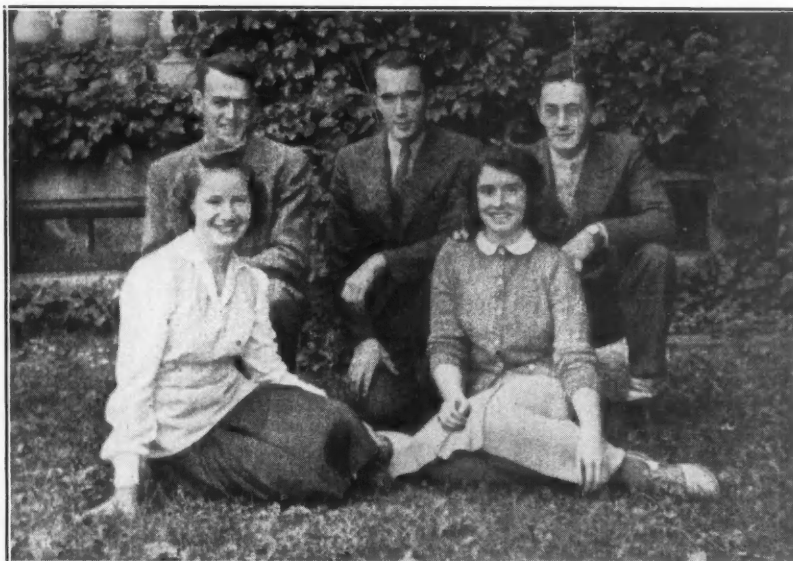
ing season nears with mash consumption increasing and scratch grain decreasing. During the snow season paths are plowed in front of the windbreak and hay is spread on these paths. The birds do considerable scratching in the hay and it furnishes them with some roughage. Each morning the snow and droppings are shaken out of this litter and the litter is replaced every week or ten days.

EGG production is prompted by the increase in light and to a certain extent by warmth and environment. Ordinarily the first eggs are collected during the first week in April on the Ithaca farm. Birds on the other game farms come into production a week or ten days later. However, time of production may vary due to unfavorable March weather and amount of light the birds are exposed to. Lighted birds lay approximately 63 eggs and non-lighted birds 58 eggs per season. The average farm hen excels these figures by only a few eggs during the course of a year. The eggs are gathered in the afternoon of each day and may be found anywhere in the pen. It is customary to have a small pine tree tied in the corner to furnish shelter, and often the eggs will be found under this or under the hover in the pen. Production is discouraged after July first, since birds hatched in the middle or latter part of July do not reach the desired size for the fall hunting season. Also, these birds are more apt to winterkill.

The distribution of the birds depends on quotas drawn up in the central office at Albany. The total production for all the game farms is divided into county quotas. These quotas are determined by quantity of cover, quality of cover, number of hunting licenses granted, reported kill of species, and intensity of hunting by outsiders. Each county's Federation of Sportsmen, when informed of its allotment, sends to Albany its desired proportions to the local member sportsmen's associations. After the central office prepares its distribution sheets, each farm is supplied with its portion and proceeds to fill the quotas. For the fiscal year, 1938-39, the Bureau of Game distributed, through organized sportsmen's associations, 15,086 mature pheasants, 46,456 young pheasants, eight to twelve weeks old, 42,175 day-old pheasant chicks, and 63,431 eggs.

The Ag-Domecon Association

For All of Us



AG-DOMECON OFFICERS

Bob Smith Lloyd Davis Bud George
Marie Call Peg Bull

If you are a frosh in Ag or Home Ec., and some lordly upper-classman calmly informs you that you are a member of the Ag-Domecon Association—don't stare at him. You are! It just happens automatically when you register, like assignments and fees. Don't worry—you aren't the only one who doesn't know what Ag-Domecon is. Even some of the upper classmen get confused when you ask them to tell you about it.

The Ag-Domecon Association was formed to draw together the students and the faculty of the Home Ec. and Ag colleges. Its main purpose is to co-ordinate all the social and club events of the two colleges, and to hold some co-operative events each year to encourage the students to get together.

A committee is appointed by the Council to set up a calendar of events on the upper campus so that each organization has a particular meeting night, and competition between organizations is decreased. It is really a clearing house for activities of all types. A similar committee supervises inter-college athletics. The Association sponsors dances during the year, and the annual spring carnival on upper campus or in Barton Hall at which each club is allowed to have a booth or "concession". You'll hear more about that in the spring.

The officers of the Association are elected by the ballot of the student

body of the two colleges. In the spring, the council nominates two or three people for each office. Petitions are circulated for these people, and then a general election is held. These officers, with one delegate elected from each of the upper campus clubs make up the Ag-Domecon Council. The Home Economics Club, Floriculture Club, Cornell Countryman Board, Round-up Club, 4-H Club, Vegetable Gardening Club, Ho-Nun-De-Kah and FFA; as well as Extension Club, Kermis, Omicron Nu, Reading Club, Scarab, Poultry Club, and any other Home Ec or Agricultural Club may have a representative.

You should know this year's officers of the Ag-Domecon Association if you want to rate among the really wise freshmen.

Ag-Domecon's president is our public speaking prize winner, Lloyd Davis '42 of LeRayville, Pennsylvania. He is Chancellor of Alpha Zeta, and a winner of the Danforth Fellowship. He is a member of Officer's Club and Ho-Nun-De-Kah, senior honorary organization. Lloyd is interested in Extension work. Some of you undergrads might even be getting some advice from him in the line of public speaking, since he is assisting Professor Peabody in the Extension Teaching department this year.

Margaret Bull '42 of Watertown, New York is our dark-haired, flashing

eyed Vice-president. Peg has always been active in upper campus activities. Besides working in Willard Straight since she was a Freshman she has been president of the University 4-H, Treasurer of the Home Ec Club and Publicity Secretary of the University Extension Club. Sophomore year she was one of the representatives from Cornell at the National Convention of the American County Life Association at Penn State. She is this year's winner of the Martha VanRensselaer Home Bureau Scholarship and is a member of Arete. She is interested in 4-H Extension work.

The secretary's duties fall to tall, good looking Robert S. Smith '42 of Laconia, New Hampshire. Bob is a member of Acacia, Vice-president of Kermis dramatic club, and Treasurer of Scarab, honorary society of Ag and Hotel. Bob is also interested in Extension.

Barnard George '42 is that genial fellow who wears a white sweater, glasses, and a perpetual smile. "Bud" as most of us know him comes from North Java, New York and is the Treasurer of Ag-Domecon. He is a member of Alpha Gamma Rho, and got that letter he's wearing from his work on the Wrestling team. He is a member of the Wrestling Club, Newman Club, and was Vice-president of the two-year Ag Club. Just to be different Bud, too, is interested in Extension work when he leaves school.

The Woman's Representative on the Council is Marie Call '42, who comes from a farm near Batavia, New York. Marie describes herself as "just one of those women in Ag" since she is not training for any special job when she leaves college. However, she is intensely interested in radio and in journalism. She is putting this interest to work this year she is Co-editor of the **Cornell Countryman**. Marie is Social Chairman of Sigma Kappa and last year was on the Eastman Stage Speaking Contest. She has also been elected to Pi Delta Gamma, women's journalistic society.

Even from these sketchy biographies, you can tell that the officers of the Ag-Domecon Association are people with enthusiasm and "push" who will lead us in a good year of Agricultural and Home Economics activities.

Please mention the Countryman when you patronize our advertisers!

Don't Forget — '45

All the members of the Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics are invited to come out for the annual fall competition of the **Cornell Countryman**. The competition is divided up into three divisions editorial, business, and radio. Upperclassman and underclassmen alike are invited and will be welcome at the first meeting which is being held Tuesday evening, October 7, at eight o'clock in Roberts Hall, 4th floor.

If the first meeting cannot be attended, do not hesitate to drop up at the office and sign up. A special invitation is extended to the freshmen—the class of '45—to come out and get right into the swing of things.

Life Of Fresh Butter Extended

The Cornell University Dairy Industry Department, in our College of Agriculture has informed the world that fresh butter can be kept for six years. After six years of research, Doctors E. S. Guthrie, C. N. Stark, and B. J. Scheib, have finally come upon a method that will preserve the freshness of butter for a much longer period of time than has ever been done previously.

After some research it was determined that "good" butter must be made from sweet cream pasteurized at 165 degrees Fahrenheit, without salt in it, and also having undergone special sterilization methods.

Indian Summer

With all of us here at Cornell so interested in the weather, especially fair weather, the topic of Indian Summer is a welcome one in the fall, here, once the cold blasts come down upon the campus from Lake Cayuga.

Folks have debated about the time of year that Indian summer arrives. Some say late September, some say October, and others think Indian summer is a November perennial. According to Dr. Erl Bates, adviser on Indian extension at Cornell—Indian summer comes around November, at the time of the full moon. This he says is based on the legends of the Kennebecs of Maine, the Six Nations of New York, and other tribes. It is to give the lazy farmers their last chance to take in their harvest before the snows descend on the Earth from the yawning mouth of the Great Bear.

So the next time you get in to an argument with the neighbors or your friends, just tell them the Indian version of Indian Summer.



Louise Mullen

Louise Mullen Heads Society Again

While in high school and once she came to Cornell, Louise Mullen, that wonder girl from Stafford has been elected head of one type of vegetable grower's association or another.

Last year, for those who had not known the **Countryman** before this year, we told somewhat of Louise's exploits, in these columns, and we find that she is living up to our prediction that she will go places.

Over the summer Louise was elected President of the National Junior Vegetable Grower's Association for 1941 at Columbus, Ohio, during the 33rd annual convention of the Vegetable Grower's Association of America, Inc.

She also won a scholarship for excellence in reporting and making a market study on roadside stands. She also won judging honors out at Columbus, placing third highest individually.

Mock Trial

Democracy will be the defendant in a mock trial to be staged by the Extension Club Wednesday, October 15, at 8 P. M. in Willard Straight North Room.

Leader of the panel will be a young Washington sociologist, Morris Storer. Prominent as a discussion leader, Mr. Storer has worked with numerous other groups of young people using "Putting Democracy on Trial."

Invitations have been extended to Future Farmers of America, to 4-H Club members, and to the Home Economics Club.

Nutrition and Long Life

New facts on the relation between the diet and the life span have been released by Professor Clive M. McCay, Leonard Maynard, and Gladys Sperling of the department of animal nutrition. They found that man's life may be increased even though middle age has been reached.

Experimenting with a rat in its middle part of age, they found that it could be made to live for a period of time that is closely equivalent to 110 human years. They found that fatness shortens the life span, meals short in protein content do aid in shortening long life, and, finally, exercise does not shorten one's life if taken regularly.

Cornell Radio

Attention of the readers of the **Cornell Countryman** is called to the radio programs over WHCU that are devoted to agriculture. Talks, news, and views are given over this station from a quarter after twelve, usually, to one o'clock or thereabouts. The topics are concerned with research and news of farming and the home.

Short Courses Popular

Increased food production has given added importance to this winter's short courses in agriculture, which start October 29 at Cornell, says Prof. C. A. Taylor, in charge of the courses.

Four courses are being offered to the shorthorns whom we will soon welcome to Cornell. Each course lasts twelve weeks. They are in general agriculture, milk plant management, poultry, and fruit growing.

In the dairy industry course the enrollment is limited to 36, so that early registration is recommended.

Extension Staff Praised

The faculty members at Cornell working up at the Animal Husbandry department in extension were praised in a recent article in "The American Dairyman" entitled "Extension Answers the Call." It states that many of the results of the latest work in the research fields would never have gone into practical effect had it not been for the extension workers.

Particular note is made of Professor S. J. Brownell and his successful efforts in raising the number of milk cow-testing associations from 40 in 1929 to the 137 today in New York State.

"She raises horses!"

"She has a 'super' line of jokes and stories!"

"She knows farms, too, right from seed up!"

"You should see her 'Virginia Reel'!"

"And best of all, her office door is open; she's always ready to talk to you"

These are just samples of some of the comments that have been flying around Campus. The "she" is Sarah Gibson Blanding, only recently appointed Director of the College of Home Economics, but already well-established in the hearts of all who have had even the slightest contact with her. From the 4-H-ers who square danced with her at Club Congress last June to every last person on the Upper Campus, have come expressions of genuine admiration of her keen sense of humor, her ready friendliness, her out-going personality.

Home demonstration agents who heard her close the Nutrition workshop last month left the meeting with one of her characteristic phrases ringing in their minds: **Defraud not thyself of the good day.** As one of the agents remarked, "She must get up in the morning with that injunction from Ecclesiastes on her lips, because she seems to drain from each day every ounce of pleasure, joy, contentment and learning that the day has to offer."

Born in Kentucky and bred on a farm where her major interest was horses, Miss Blanding was educated in Kentucky schools and became associated with work among the rural families in that state. She served as physical education instructor and later acting dean of women at the University of Kentucky where, in 1925, she was promoted to Dean of Women and assistant professor of political science. At that time she held the degree of Master of Arts in Public Law from Columbia University.

President of the National Association of Deans of Women during 1939-41, Miss Blanding is a member of the American Association of University Professors, the American Association of University Women, the National Education Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, the Board of Trustees of the Alliance for Guidance of Rural Youth, and the executive board of the Council of Guidance and Personnel Associations. She is a national board member and chairman of the Personnel Committee of the Southern Regional Council of the Young Women's Christian Association.



In a memorable essay on the significance of the frontier in American history, Frederick J. Turner said, "American democracy gained new strength each time it touched a new frontier." Today we hear much talk about the disappearance of the frontier. Does this mean that we have reached our maximum strength as a democracy?

It is true that there are no more geographical frontiers to push back, no new lands to be conquered and settled, but there are other frontiers which call to every young person who has a spirit of adventure and who is willing to devote a portion of his life to unplanted fields which will yield a bountiful harvest. I speak of the economic, political, social and cultural frontiers which cry out for strong, clear-headed leadership. The young men and young women of this nation, those who are looking for a chance to serve their country well, have magnificent opportunities to push forward these social frontiers.

The old ways have not been sufficient to abolish the evils, injustice, hatred and war. The new ways you pursue will not be easy, they will need intellectual competence and, above all, a determination to steer a straight course in the face of the worst storm the world has ever seen. Are you equal to the task? I think you are.

Sarah Gibson Blanding

Letter from Miss Rose

After spending a major part of the summer at Cornell, Miss Rose returned to California. She tells of her trip thus:

"Berkeley again after a 4000 mile trip from Ithaca. And such a trip, filled with interest from the beginning. Shopping for China on the way to Toronto. The brief glimpse of the quintessence allowed the passing public at Callander. Five fine looking youngsters in the very pink of condition.

"Then on to Spokane and up to the Coulee Dam. A vast project which is only partly completed and overwhelmingly impressive. It is in wild, treeless country. Basalt-lava formation and is man's ingenious way of taming the Columbia River. Why try to describe it! It is not beautiful as the Boulder Dam is beautiful but it certainly represents man's unconquerable imagination, courage and inventive ability. This seemed the way in which human effort should be being used instead of destructive operations . . . What a world this could be. The possibilities within these great barren reaches of our country to produce wealth and serve human life seem almost limitless when one sees an enterprise like this dam taking shape.

"After the dam a whole day along the Columbia River. So different from my mental picture of it. At first a great spraddling river, half water, half dry bed between tawny treeless hills. Rugged, challenging but bald . . . We went down to the river at one place to watch the Indians fishing in the rapids for salmon. That takes strength, skill and courage. The fish are caught in nets swung on long willow poles and are speared as they are caught in the nets. Each man has a strong rope tied around his waist and anchored so if he gets swept into the rapids he can be hauled out. It was a stirring thing to watch nevertheless.

It has been a breathless hitting of high places but that is what such a trip is. A sort of store house for future use.

My love to you all,
Flora Rose

4-H Club Party

4-H activities got off to a rousing start last week when more than 200 Cornell students interested in the University 4-H Club were entertained by upperclassmen. Round and square dancing, and group singing under Max Exner's direction kept the Freshmen busy until the Campus chimes reminded them of "class hours". We're sure that such a fine beginning means a "super" year.

"I Remember - - -"

Dr. A. R. Mann

THE enrollment in agriculture was small and the college was still known as "The Cornell University College of Agriculture" inasmuch as the State had not yet entered actively into its support, when Albert Russell Mann entered Cornell in the fall of 1901. None of the present plant of the College of Agriculture existed. Instruction in agriculture was given mainly in the north end of Morrill Hall, where the College administration was located, in the old dairy building which is now the north wing of Goldwin Smith Hall, in the old north and south barns, both of which have long since disappeared, and on the farms. Isaac Phillips Roberts, Director of the College at the time, was a stalwart, vigorous person, a stimulating teacher with a strongly practical bent, and a good philosopher.

Albert Mann entered as a two-year special student because he could not foresee the funds to cover a four-year course. In those days students could earn part of their expenses by being sent around the State for periods varying from one to three weeks as milk testers for private herds, for which \$2.00 a day and expenses were paid. In June of his second year, when he was expecting to finish his studies, he walked down town one evening with Dr. G. F. Warren, then a graduate student. Dr. Warren spent the evening persuading the student that he should return and complete the full course. On inquiry, Albert found that by taking a heavier schedule than has been allowed in later years, he could complete the work in one additional year. He returned, under this persuasion, and with the help of much milk testing, odd jobs, and inexpensive living, in June 1904 received his degree.

This additional year undoubtedly very greatly affected the course of his experience in later years. This year also ripened a friendship with a young woman senior in the College of Arts and Sciences, Mary Douglas Judd, who, according to Dr. Mann, "has ably administered the affairs of the Mann household in all the subsequent years."

ABOUT his college life, Dr. Mann has written, "The big event for the College during these undergraduate years was the passage by the Legislature in 1904 of the appropriation of \$250,000 for buildings for the College of Agriculture, which sum went largely into the erection of



Roberts Hall and the attached wings, and a stock-judging pavilion, since removed. Dean Roberts retired in 1904 and Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey was elected as his successor. In his first year, Dean Bailey went to the State Legislature for funds to broaden the scope, the services and the facilities of the College. He laid the foundations for the expansion of the College as The New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University. On the evening of the day on which the Governor signed the Appropriating Act, the students of the College of Agriculture put on a parade, introduced by a salute of twenty-one guns by the Department of Military Science and Tactics, which received wide recognition in the press. The single bull from the dairy herd which led the procession had become "five big black bulls" by the time the news was printed 100 miles from Ithaca. An early edition of *The Cornell Countryman* told of this event. A large, banquet, attended by Legislators, faculty, and students, followed later in the spring to celebrate further this great day in the life of the College.

The Cornell Countryman was born during this period. I remember well working with Dr. Warren and others on the plans for this paper, the selection of its first board of managers and editors, and the choice of the name. The selection of the name involved the massacre of a lot of ideas, but the final decision has always seemed a very happy one.

The years when I was an undergraduate and those following were the heydays of "The Lazy Club," over which Dr. Bailey presided as Professor of Horticulture and which met Monday nights at the old Greenhouse Range down beyond the present Drill Hall; of Dr. Bailey's Sunday evenings at home for students and faculty; and of the monthly Assembly of the faculty and students of the College, when Dr. Bailey spoke of his ideals for the College, his outlook toward agriculture and country life, and when he frequently read well-selected poems having pertinence to his theme of the evening.

Among my personal experiences of great value was the summer following my freshman year, spent as a hired hand on the farm of Jared van Wagenen, Jr., '01, at Lawyerville, New York. Not only was the experience good for the hired hand, but the basis was laid for a lifelong friendship with a master in farming and living, which has become increasingly warm and meaningful with the passage of time. A few years later my first talk at a meeting of farmers, a Farmers' Institute, resulted from van Wagenen's persistence. It was the first of many bad speeches.

ONE of my clearest impressions of those years, which crowded my letters home, was the great abundance and range of public lectures, entertainments, and contests offered by the University and its student organizations and which competed with academic requirements for the available hours of the day."

A year after his graduation Dr. Mann was called back to Ithaca by Dr. Bailey as his secretary on the preparation of the *Cyclopedia of American Agriculture*, "a relationship of three years and of extraordinary privilege and personal value for the years to come." It was followed by approximately 29 years of most interesting and satisfying association with the University, 23 of these in intimate connection with the administrative functions of the College of Agriculture and 6 in the general Uni-

versity administration.

Dr. Mann has a great interest and knowledge of the human side of agriculture science and country life both here and abroad. During 1924 to 1926, Dr. Mann, with headquarters at Rome and Paris, was director of Agricultural Education for Europe for the International Education Board.

As a result of this, Dr. Mann's collection of orders and titles include not only his Empire State Farmer designation by the Future Farmers of America, but the Order of the White Rose from Finland, and the Officers Order of the White Lion from Czechoslovakia.

Dean Cornelius Betten has said of Dr. Mann's service at Cornell, "The fifteen years during which he served as administrative head constituted a period of not only notable growth in physical equipment, in staff, and in the range of work accomplished, but also of distinct gain in the effectiveness of the services rendered.

In all these matters Dean Mann exercised a wise and vigorous leadership, educating both the farm constituencies and the responsible state officials in the regard to the possibilities of service by the colleges and inspiring the staffs of these institutions with his own devotion to public welfare."

J' Have a Good Summer?

By Mary Jerome, '44

THE first words your friends say when you come back are: "Did you have a good summer? What did you do?"

I should say I wasn't on the farm all summer. After all, you do have to visit your relatives (especially if you're invited), and who can expect college kids to stay in nights, when we are used to studying, may I say, until the small, wee hours in the morning?

However, most of my summer was spent in the wide, open spaces, working, a welcome relief from studying.

I had only been home for two weeks, when we were in the midst of that hot, dry spell, which ripened everything in reach. Hence my days were spent between the rows of a berry patch, plucking partially dried berries from their stems. Now and then, a car would drive in our yard, so I would have to run to the house to see what they wanted. Supper time at last, but did we eat supper? No! My brother first did chores and then we would jump in our car, drive to the lake, take a swim, and arrive home for supper about ten p. m.

BY THE time berry season was over, I was pretty tired of working, s-o-o-o, off to my relatives for a few days vacation.

I had been back from various trips only a few days when my "Roomie" arrived. The next week was a hectic one, for we (my friends and I) had to show her the wonders of small town life. By this time the summer was rapidly drawing to a close and fairs were near at hand; all attention was given to preparing exhibits for the "Great Naples Fair", our town fair. Both my brother and I showed poultry in the 4-H department, and we earned many prizes, which helps finance our college education.

For two weeks before coming back I stayed home and did my share of farm work, mostly mowing the lawn, weeding the garden and picking plums. The last day was spent in packing and saying "good-bye".

Now that I am here, starting classes again, I wonder where I spent the summer. To everyone that asks, I say, "You see, my headquarters were on the farm, but I honestly can't say that I spent much time there—you know how demanding relatives are."

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Switch on The Rain

By Dort Cameron, '40

MY SHOES slipped back with every step as I hurried across the dry alfalfa and timothy stubble toward a nearly built load of hay. I kept my head down to shield my eyes from the scorching noonday sun. A hot southerly breeze picked up wisps of dust from the horse's hoofs and blew them kittering across the field until they lost themselves among the windrows.

It had been hot like that for days and as dry for weeks. It must have been early July then and we hadn't had a rain since April that would any more than lay the dust.

"Hello Jake, what's the trouble?" I greeted the short, stocky, dust covered farmer, whose bare shoulders were burned deep brown and sprinkled with chaff. He pushed a beaten, time ventilated straw hat back from his forehead, leaned on his fork handle, puckered up his mouth, frowned a bit, and looked at the ground.

"Glad you come so soon. . . . Troubles? All I got is troubles." His English was thick, but his thought was clear as a crystal. "Look at this hay, one windrow where should be two. No rain, nothing grow. Look in my wheat." He pointed a chubby finger toward an adjacent wheat lot, "not one alfalfa plant can I find, and I seeded early this spring when the frost was leaving the ground. Last year I get fine catch.

"No rain is one trouble, worst trouble, but you can do nothing about that. I can't get a hired man. That's my next trouble. My man went to Buffalo to build airplanes, I can't blame him, he gets high pay. The neighbor's boy who used to work for me sometimes is in the army. What can I do?" He glanced toward the top of the hay load. My eyes followed his, expecting to see a bewhiskered farm hand catching a few minutes snooze while his boss talked to me, but instead my eyes met a pair of sparkling blue eyes laughing down at me from under a head of honey-blond hair. Yes, a girl, as fair and beautiful a girl as I had ever seen, dressed in new blue denim and a man's work shirt two sizes too large for her. My jaw must have dropped open from surprise; I must have looked funny, for she smiled then almost laughed at me.

"I got troubles with labor, O.K." Jake mused, "but that's not what I call you out here for; come and look at my oats and barley. Something is wrong with it."

Jake didn't say much as we walked

to his grain field, he was apparently occupied in deep thought. We looked at the oats and barley, he told me what was wrong with them, and I agreed with him, but Jake wasn't worrying about his barley. "This dry weather is what worries me; sometimes it looks like rain, but it never comes.

"Look at those potatoes, and there's my cabbage, and my beans; everything, it needs water. Now look over there, there's a creek with lots of water all summer long. You know, I think I could get a pump and some pipeline and put water in these crops and make money at it. This land is the best land that lies out-of-doors, the whole county is, (Jake lives in Genesee county, New York) but we get a dry spell every summer and, bing, go our crops.

"Well I got to get back and finish that piece of hay; my daughter is a hard boss!

"You look into that irrigation business and see if the farmers around here couldn't make money watering their crops."

JAKE was right, and he is only one of farmers who realize that we have everything ideal for excellent crops in Western New York except an even distribution of water during the growing season. There is usually a period of a month to six or eight weeks during the summer when there is too little rain to give us even the minimum requirements for a decent growing season.

This summer was particularly dry, and crops suffered greatly, but even in a summer as wet and cold as was the summer of last year, there was a hot dry period, and that period came at a time when it did the crops a good deal of damage.

I took Jake's advice and looked into irrigation, not very deeply, but just enough to uncover a few eye opening facts. Right in my own vicinity I found a half dozen or more farmers who were already irrigating to some extent, some of them with relatively large areas under supplementary irrigation. There were a dozen or so others who were vitally interested in installing irrigation systems.

From them I found they could raise 400 to 600 bushels of potatoes to the acre on upland. They claimed that an increase of 10 tons of cabbage to the acre is not uncommon where the summer rainfall has been supplemented with a few inches of artificial rain.

With cabbage at fifteen dollars a ton, this would mean an increase

of \$150 an acre for an outlay of approximately \$25, figuring the cost of the labor involved in irrigating the land, interest on the investment, and depreciation of the equipment. The latter is usually the highest item in irrigation, and the labor only amounts to about two man hours to put on an acre-inch of water. This figure will vary with the type of irrigation, but it generally holds true with the portable irrigation systems.

NOW Jake has an ideal situation for irrigating his farm. He has an unlimited supply of good water. That is always the first requirement for irrigation. Not always are water supplies adapted to irrigation; occasionally a farmer finds his water contains a mineral injurious to plant life, or is brackish from a salt seepage, or is contaminated with harmful bacteria.

Besides an unlimited supply of water, necessary because it takes 113 tons of water to make a single application of an inch to an acre, Jake has only a short distance to pump the water, and there is only a short fall from his fields to the water supply. Every farmer who wishes to irrigate won't be as fortunate as Jake, but conditions do not have to be ideal for irrigation. The water can be pumped for considerable distances, before the cost becomes prohibitive. The modern portable irrigation systems which consist of light, easily detachable sections of pipe with plain nozzle openings every three to six feet, or with rotary sprinklers every 40 to 60 feet, can be used on uneven and rolling fields without drowning the low spots or slighting the high spots.

Every year farmers spend thousands of dollars on crop insurance that more and more farmers are finding will pay them big dividends; not only insure them of a crop, but increase their yields and quality of produce over anything they could possibly hope for in the best of years, depending upon the weather man for their rainfall.

So I won't be surprised, in a year or two, when I get back to see Jake on his farm. He will take me out and show me his wide potato fields and say, "Look at that rain, and the sun is shining."

The sun will sift through the myriads of rain drops, painting the acres with rainbows, and the soil will thirstily drink in midsummer as it has never drunk before.

Maybe I should go back sooner, I could help Jake with his plans, and that was a pretty blonde, Jake's daughter!

Cayuga's Cement

By Barbara Hall, '43

WHAT does America depend on for roads, for sidewalks, for silos, for dams, in fact for the foundations of every building in the nation?

On the east shore of our own Cayuga Lake can be found the answer to this question. Here, led on by the favorable rock formations, Professor Carpenter of Cornell, in 1900 established the Cayuga Portland Cement Co. Cayuga Lake soon became the scene of a growing industry, and in 1928 the Penn-Dixie Cement Corporation paid \$6,000,000 for the plant at Portland Point.

At the present time 160 workers produce nearly 752,000 pounds of cement daily. Not all of this, however, is the regular building cement for commercial use. Government or so-called iron ore cement is being made by adding iron ore and silica sand from Oneida Lake to the rock before it goes through the mill. Also, a new water proof cement made with vinsol rosin is being used for government airport runways.

The transformation of solid rock to ground cement involves many interesting processes. The quarry, on a hill one half mile above the main plant, is an attraction to Cornell's roaming Geology classes. Here holes are drilled in the limestone veins and filled with dynamite. From one to five tons of dynamite are used to blast out the rock in large chunks. Several crushers grind the rock into small enough pieces to be sent down the tramway to the main plant.

IN THE main plant the rock is first sent through driers and then to the hammermill to be ground at the rate of a ton in three minutes. Ram mills and blending tanks grind the rock even more thoroughly until it is at last ready to be burned in revolving kilns. These kilns are 125 feet long and 10 feet high, and maintain a temperature of 2850°F. The hot cement falls out of the kilns as "clinkers", and here a bucket line sends them to the clinker storage to cool. After they have cooled, gypsum is

added at the rate of 200 pounds per ton.

Then more grinds are necessary, this time in so-called ball tube mills, in which iron balls roll around and grind the sement to its final consistency. A loaded mill uses 14 tons of iron balls. The finished cement is pumped with centrifugal pumps into huge silos to be stored until it is packed and sold. 3,000 tons of cement can be stored in one 60 foot silo.

Penn-Dixie cement is sold in paper and cloth bags and in bulk. Years ago it was shipped by boat down Cayuga Lake to the Barge Canal, but now trains and trucks have replaced the old boats and barges to a great extent.

Today Penn-Dixie has found a new and greater buyer—Uncle Sam. Orders are being sent from Portland Point to Pine Camp, to the Munitions Project at Romulus, and to other defense units. Cement has joined the ranks of our vital defense industries.

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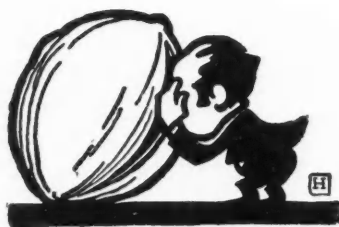
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Ghosts

By Marjorie Heit, '43



A MAN was sleeping in a haunted house. During the night he woke to see a giant clutching hand at the end of the bed. With great presence of mind he drew his revolver from under the pillow and fired three times. Then he discovered he had shot three toes off his right foot.

Such are the ghost stories we farmers tell. Farmers are a hard-headed practical lot who mostly don't believe in ghosts. Since many farmers live in creaking frame houses built a hundred years ago, they can't believe in ghosts. For the soft padding footstep on the stairs that might be the ancestral skeleton changing closets is usually the family cat on a hunt. Wild shrieks at midnight mean that the wind is whistling through those knotholes in the woodshed and likewise the thumps and raps in the attic and cellar are rats and an occasional squirrel.

Consequently what ghost stories farmers tell are of the debunking sort. No ghost emerges at the end of the story with his ghastly reputation intact.

The white figure lying on top of a grass-grown grave proves to be a white dog; a tall grim specter on a faroff hilltop is, on closer inspection, an old horse turned out to pasture.

Jack, walking home from town at midnight on Saturday night, was thinking about Charlie Brown, an old friend whom he had heard had died recently. He passed the cemetery—there is always a cemetery in a ghost story—and heard footsteps behind him. He turned, expecting to see another neighbor on the way home. Instead the apparent ghost of Charlie walked straight toward him.

"Hello, Jack," it said.

Jack dodged behind a tree to escape it. "Go away. Ain't you dead? You hadn't ought to be walking around."

The apparition came nearer, explained cheerfully that he wasn't dead. Like Mark Twain, "the report

of his death was very much exaggerated."

Jack listened disbelievingly. As far as he knew, Charlie was dead and had come to take him to the infernal regions. "Charlie," he said finally, "I never done nothing to you. Lemme go."

WITH the aid of a jug of hard cider, Charlie finally convinced Jack that he was alive and still able to drink, but another story of this sort has a grimmer ending. One cold winter night a man was driving home from a dance. He passed the inevitable graveyard, looked over and saw a white figure seated on one of the tombstones. Here was a chance to investigate ghosts! He tied his horse to a tree, entered the graveyard and approached the ghost. The supposed ghost, he found, was the wife of one of his neighbors. He knew she was very ill and could not understand how she had come out into the bitter cold. He wrapped the woman in the blanket from his horse, drove to her house and knocked on the door. Her husband was horrified, for he had thought she was asleep and watched by a nurse. The nurse had fallen asleep and the poor woman had walked out of the house and wandered as far as the graveyard before her strength failed. Next morning she was dead.

Besides cemeteries as the locale for ghost stories, there is the old reliable haunted house. This man was sleeping in a haunted house and another man joined him. They were asleep on the floor when a hooded, sheeted figure appeared and exclaimed:

"Three feet from where you now stand,

Place your fingers in the sand,
And you will feel my bones!"

As he complied with this request he was awakened by cross words from the other man, "Stranger, will you please keep your finger out of my eye?"

But in answer to all the easily explained ghost stories is an eerie tale of a ghost that came in an empty room on hot afternoons and moaned and groaned and said, "A hundred yearrrrrs is a lonnnnnngggg time."

The most effective of all ghost stories, guaranteed to finish any evening of ghastly tales, is "The Golden Arm."

THERE was once a man whose wife had a golden arm. He was a miser and finally he killed her and cut off the golden arm to add to his other gold.

For a time he was happy. But then his affairs went badly, his crops failed, his investments crashed and he could not sleep at night because a sobbing voice cried and moaned, "Who's got my golden arm? Who's got my golden arm?"

Whoooo's got my golden arm? Whoooo's got my golden arm?" To escape the crying horror he fled into the darkness outside. It was winter and a blizzard was sweeping across the plains. The flying snow stung his face as he staggered through knee-deep drifts, but above the whine of the storm he heard the wail, "Whooo's got by golden arm? Whooo's got my golden arm?"

(By this time your audience is leaning forward tensely and waiting for some dreadful punishment to befall the miser, and you moan, "Whooo's got my golden arm? Whooo's got my times, and point at some particularly fascinated listener and suddenly shriek, "YOU GOT IT!")

Everyone jumps, screams, and then laughs, not very happily, for they are still under the spell of the golden arm, and then they throw more wood on the fire and begin to toast marshmallows again.



Stretching It

By Mary V. Strok, '43

Sweaters are funny things. Lots of other things are funny, too but sweaters are especially so this year. In my time, I well remember sweaters as they once were—ending at the waist as all good and proper sweaters should—and now—look at these refined flour sacks with sleeves, the longer the better. Three feet of sweater and one foot of skirt, sometimes less. This is the picture of the average co-ed. The logical sequence, I suppose, will eventually be all sweater down to the knees or thereabouts, and what with red knee socks, boots and stuff, she'll look a bit peculiar. We're optimistic, we are, and

we like to look on the bright side of things—so we can hopefully say that if things like this keep up—well, we can always use a warm evening wrap!

Want to know a good method of buying sweaters? Here's the secret, one that usually works—not saying how. Take your room-mate (preferably overnourished — if thin and scrawny, add a third to your party) and proceed to Rothschild's, second floor. So now you begin looking. If you normally wear a size twelve or fourteen, then, of course, you pick out a 42 or 44. Now this is where your friends come in, or rather get in. If the two or three of you can fit in it quite comfortably with room for a possible fourth, buy it immediately, for you have a perfect fit.

Once, long ago, I could have talked about skirts quite intelligently—but no more. I don't see enough of them to really know what they are like—they are all covered too thoroughly by the sweaters.

This trend in lengthening, everything except skirts, which are going up (or is it that sweaters are going down) is alarming—also unpatriotic, because of defense priorities and stuff. The Army needs wool—and whether the sweaters will be converted into Army drab—or used as is—we can picture some battle-scarred sergeant standing reveille enveloped in a becoming shade of pink "Sloppy Joe," we don't know. It's an interesting idea.

Not only sweaters but jackets too are longer and wider which makes us happy. Now I can wear my brother's,

Not only sweaters but jackets, too, which fit him, according to masculine standards—that means they'll fit me, if they are three sizes, at least, too

large.

George says that sweaters are fine until you take them off, when they get your hair mussed.

Jack says that sweaters are funny things.

Marjorie says that she likes all colors of sweaters, if they are red.

I guess George hasn't seen our latest models of sweaters. They are so large that we keep them pinned on our shoulders with safety pins and pull them off over our feet.

The rest of the staff says that sweaters are swell on the ag campus in the winter time.

The Country Paper Speaks

I am the oldest business in this town;
Old mills have been abandoned; I persist.

Old houses, old hotels of great renown

Have gone their ways, but I, I still exist;

Upon my inky pages there appears
The story of this place throughout the years.

I told of youth and war, of girls who wed,

Of rich and poor alike, of thief and sage,

And how they lived—though most of them are dead

While ageless I am of the present age;

Man's varied acts have always been my text—

What happened long ago, and what comes next.

Though I am old, in truth I still can say;

Nothing can be so nearly up-to-date;
Both yesterdays and morrows I survey,—

Of ne'er-do-wells and those of high estate.

I lived because I served, and still shall live

Because of all I have, to all I give!
—Bristow Adams

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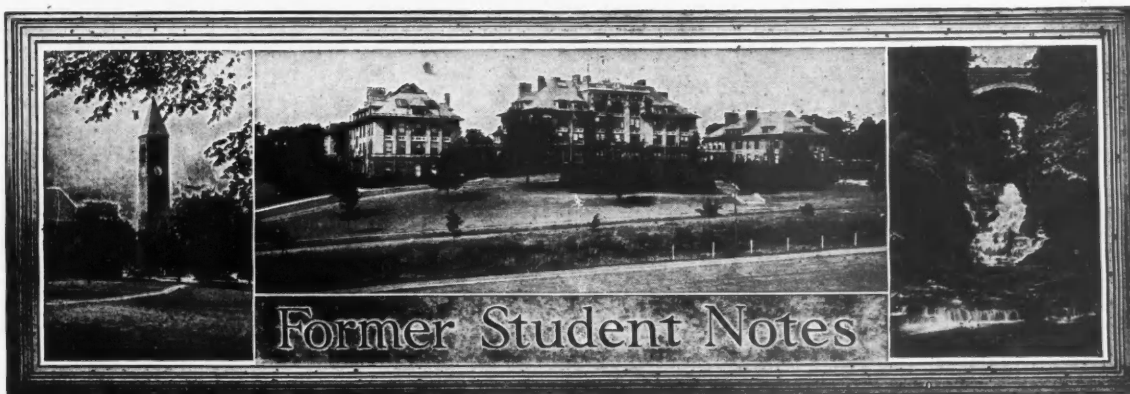
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Lou Barnard, Mgr.



'17

Perkins Coville has been liaison officer with the Forest Service since 1938, supervising work on the New England Timber Salvage Administration. In July he was shifted to personnel management in the Forest Service with headquarters in South Building, USDA, Washington, D. C. He and Mrs. Coville visited in Ithaca in July. They have three children, two boys, 16 and 18, and one girl, 9. They are living in Cherrydale, Va.

'23

Kenneth Lindsey Roberts and Ruth Adams were married on July 6th in St. Louis, Mo. Ken has been on flood control survey by the United States Forest Service of the upper Merrimac River but was transferred this summer to the Southern Forest Experiment Station at New Orleans, La., in the division of forest influences.

'26

David Williams, Jr. was called to active duty on April 10 at Fort Knox, Ky. where he was Provost Marshal. On September 21 he went to Fort Benning, Ga. to attend the "Battalion Commanders and Staff Officers School" for three months. His rank is Major, Infantry. As Provost Marshal he commanded a Military Police Detachment of 300 men and was Prison Officer over 300 prisoners. His wife and children David III, 12 years of age, and Sarah Louise 10, are farming at Richmond, Ky.

Bob Stocking is manager of the Colgate Inn at Hamilton, N. Y.

'28

Joe Moody is manager of the Hat Corporation of America at Norwalk, Conn. and lives on Wolfpit Road. What a change for a forester!

S. G. "Pooch" Ericson is still with the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company in Washington, D. C. He has a two year old son.

G. A. "Pes" Pesez has a son, Philip Girard, born July 7, 1941. Pes is city forester for Glens Falls.

A. V. Desforges can no longer be named "Fruit" for he has a son, born May 3, and named Wm. Townsend. Van is selling insurance and lives in Alpine, N. J.

Johnny Williams left Nassau County Highway Department this spring to accept a new job with Sanderson and Porter, contractors on government buildings. His address is General Delivery, Wilmington, Ill.

E. H. "Fossil" Powell is now working for Eastman Kodak Co. and lives on his farm near Palmyra.

Bud Fisher was transferred last March from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls office of the New York Telephone Company. His address is Sandy Beach Road, Sandy Beach, Grand Island.

C. O. R. Spalteholz is specializing in chrysanthemum cuttings in his Newark Nursery. He has three children.

George G. Wissen (Wizenberg) has moved to 242 Delaware Road, Kenmore, N. Y. He has been technical foreman for over two years in the CCC Camp at Niagara Frontier State Park. Prior to this he held the same position at Letchworth Park.

Herman Agle of Eden, N. Y. is operating a 145 acre truck gardening farm in partnership with his father and brother. He is chairman of the Erie County Farm Bureau Executive Board, a member of the Erie County Agricultural Defense Committee, and Councilman of the Eden Town Board. He has two daughters—Trinkie, age 4 and Diane, age 5.

Jack Bodger is Vice-president of Bodger Seeds Ltd., Flower Seed Growers, in El Monte, Calif. He also handles real estate sales and defense housing projects. His daughter, Marsha Lynne, was 3 in March.

'32

Captain Bill Chapel reported for duty with the Army Air Corps at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on July 6. He has moved his family (wife, two kids, a horned toad, three dogs, and four cats) to the big city where he is liv-

ing at 2932 Northwest 14th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. Bill was formerly with the Forest Service on timber Sales at Chama, N. Mex.

'34

Chuck Bodger is managing the production end of Bodger Seeds Ltd. at Lompoc, California.

Charles J. Strohm of Lyons, N. Y. has a new baby girl born June 24, 1941.

George Eastman is associate marketing specialist in the Surplus Marketing Administration of the United States Department of Agriculture.

'36

Lt. Robert G. Smith was called to duty on July 10th and is located at Camp Dix. Bob has been 4-H Club Agent of Orleans County since 1937, located at Albion. His place has been taken by Rodney Lightfoot '40, of Geneva, N. Y.

Bill Parr, formerly of Ithaca, and the former Doris Moore of Gardner, Mass., a graduate of Worcester Teachers' College, were married in Savannah, Ga. on March 1, 1941. Bill has been with the Soil Conservation Service since last December, cruising timber on lands to be purchased for an "Ack-ack" practice area for Camp Stewart. Bill is living in Hinesville, Ga. and visited Ithaca in July.

Henry Behning and the former Elizabeth Gath Grove were married June 13, 1941 at the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York City. The Behnings are living at Apartment 2A, 39 West 87th St., N. Y. C. Hank ought to be a good musician for he's been selling pianos since 1936, and is now with Kohler and Campbell, N. Y. C.

'38

Johnny Niederhauser and the former Betty DeGolyer are the parents of a pretty little girl, Anne Elizabeth.

Lawrence Dohrman, for the past two and a half years, has been working for the New York City Department of Parks. He expects to be in the army

soon, but his job will be waiting for him when he gets out.

Keith Watkins is County Assistant in Conservation at Fort Edward, N. Y. He was married to Ruth Mary Steele, a graduate of Skidmore College, on August 2, 1941. They are living on a 206 acre farm just outside of Fort Edwards, N. Y.

Barry and Hope Stevenson Peet barely escaped with their lives when a fire in early morning destroyed their home and belongings last February 12th. Barry has been an instructor in Hammondsport the past 3 years. He and Hope are both active in scouting.

'39

Jim Neal owns and operates a cattle ranch in Rotan, Texas. He was visiting in Ithaca during the latter part of September and expects to be in the army soon.

Ken Claus is in the army now at Camp Callan, San Diego, Cal. He'd like to hear from any of the boys in near-by camps.

'40

Theo Beekman and Fran Thomas were married in Indian Lake, July 12, 1941. Theo's wedding dress was made at the Cornell Costume Shop. They are living on East Main St. in Webster, N. Y.

Naomi Neureuter was recently engaged to Bruce Anderson of Buffalo, N. Y. Naomi is now working at the Town Club in Buffalo.



Evelyn Wilson is writing "Jean's" Shopping Column in the Times Union.

Helen Crum is at the head of the Nursery School at Berea College, Kentucky. She teaches several courses and has charge of a dormitory of eight girls. She received her Masters Degree at Iowa State University.

'41

Elayne May is working with United Merchants and Manufacturers Corporation in New York City. She runs textile tests for shrinkage, breakage strength, and colorfastness, and says she just loves her work.

Bob Guzewich is working for the United States Department of Agriculture on the relocation of families who have suffered home losses in the Pine Camp area. He was back visiting in Ithaca during the latter part of September and is looking as though work agrees with him.

Ed Hulst has been down in Arkansas in Army Air Corp school and is now going to Cleveland to take a Civilian Pilot Training course.

Betty Turverey was married to Louis Cornish of Ithaca on June 21, 1941. Betty is working in Ormond's Stocking Shop and we hear she is keeping herself extra busy with a good bit of home canning in behalf of the defense program.

Jane Murphy is teaching Home Economics at Forestport, N. Y.

Jim Beneway and his father are managing a 127-acre fruit farm at Ontario.

James Dudley is working with GLF in Portville, N. Y.

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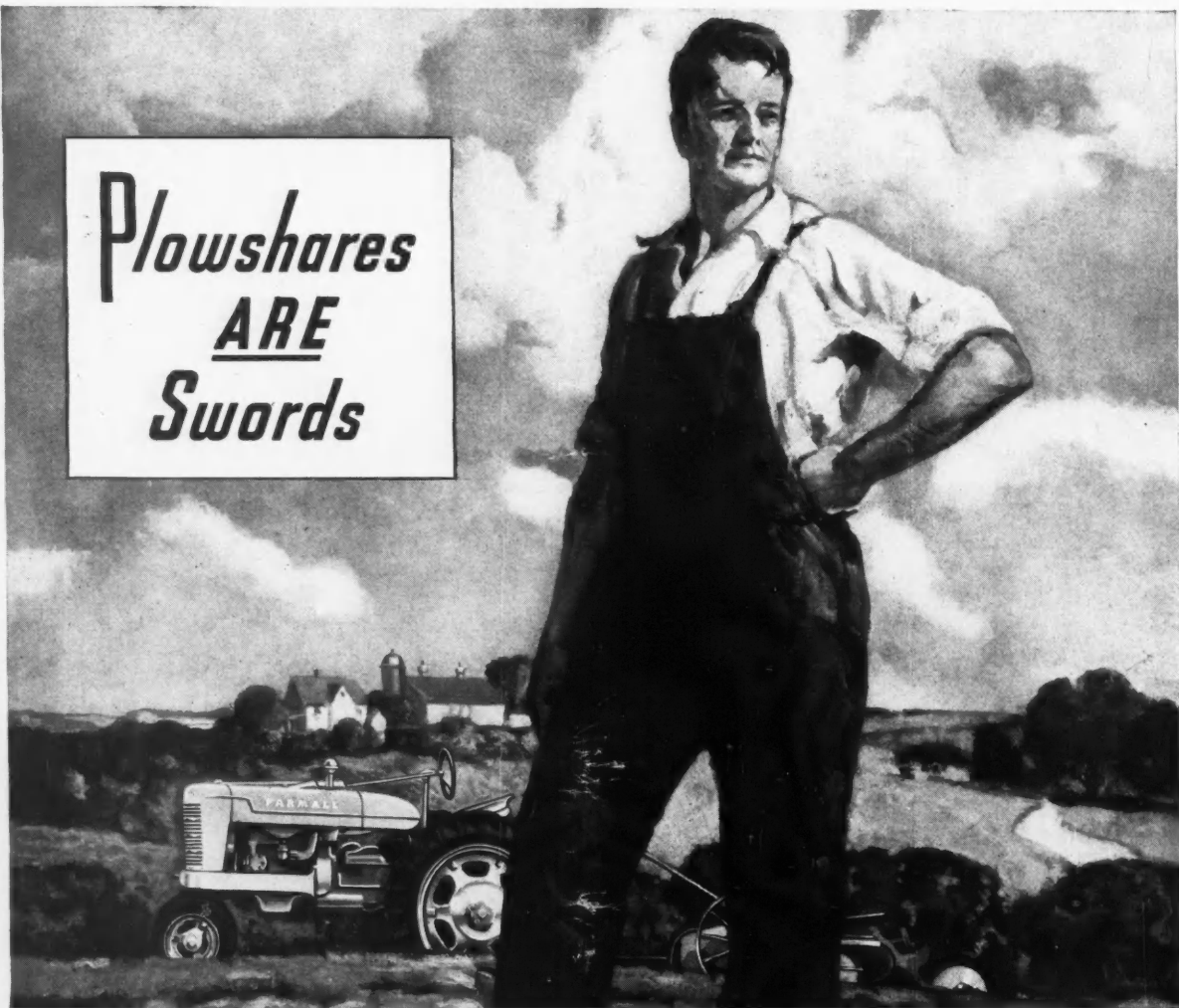
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